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THURSDAY, JULY 11.

We are happy to state that measures have been taken to put a stop to some of the evils of which our correspondent complains in the following letter—

FOR THE COURIER.

SIR—I have been all my life accustomed to the tranquility of the country, until a month past, and am of course more sensible to the uproar of the city, than an inhabitant. Shortly after my arrival here, as I was sitting in my room alone, I heard in the street the sound of a trumpet. I immediately ran to the door, under the expectation of seeing an elegant troop of cavalry parading by; but upon reaching the door, what was my surprise to see nobody but a ragged boy with a trumpet, who accosted me with "Buy any ruskas here, sir?" "Beard of Mahomet, thought I, upon what a great scale every thing is done," in New-York. The people here, I should expect, would have

"Ocean into tempest wrought
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly!"

In consequence of the uproar in this city, no doubt, I took sick in three weeks after my settling here. I had considerable fever, which was increased by every trumpet, and bell, and dray, that passed. As I was lying one evening in a slight state of delirium, a dirt cart stopped just under my window, and a dreadful ringing of a bell ensued as usual, and at the same time a dray thundered along the street, nearly half speed. Being a little delirious, I immediately fancied that the house was on fire, and that all the bells were pealing the alarm, and a fire engine or two rushing to the house; so up I leaped, bawled out fire! and ran in an instant into the street, with nothing on but my shirt and night-cap. The sudden and violent exertion, and the fright combined, had like to have cost me my life on the spot, and the dirt-man's bell proved my knell. These are not the only noises of which I have to complain. The milkman, and every other person who carries any thing along the street for sale, seem to me, to have brought the art of discord to perfection. They know that the uproar in the street is so great, that no ordinary sound will strike the attention even if heard, and for that reason they cry out in the most commical, outlandish, discordant tones imaginable.

While I lay sick I paid particular attention to the queer voices which proclaimed along the streets different articles for sale, and thought there was not a wild beast of the woods whose cry was not imitated. As I complain of all this, it may be expected, that I shall propose a remedy for it—accordingly, I move, 1st. That the trumpets and bells be stopped—2d. That all the different cries of the city be *set to music*. The lovers of harmony will, no doubt, unanimously subscribe to pay a good musician, for providing all the street-bawlers with appropriate tunes, as nearly all the discord of the city will be thereby converted into harmony, "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

Y^{rs}. RUSTICUS.

We publish the follow letter (*which is REALLY genuine*) not so much on account of its oddity, as because it may be the means of reaching the person to whom it is addressed.

Copy of a genuine letter from an Irishman to his brother in New-York.

GLOUNNAGROSS, March the 17th, 1816.

DEAR BROTHER,

I am a son to Edward Marritt, that lived formerly under Mr Joseph Peapack. dear Brother, I am very uneasy that if you are alive, that you dont write to me some time or other, and that if you are not alive, to let your wife and children write to me, wheather if there be he or any one belonging to him dead or alive that we cud now or hear from them being dead or alive, and dear Brother I want to know how many years since you wrote any letter to ous, or did you rec'd any of our letters, because we often wrote to you. and here is your youngest of your Brothers, Edward that is writeing this letter to you, now hoping as soon as you will rec'd this letter that you will write to me immeatly. and all your family is in good health at Pres't. direct your letter as this. to Mr John Carroll of Roachstreet Limerick Head Clear of the Commity, Commershal Building of Lim'k. to Be forwarded to Edward Merritt of Glounnagross County of Clare——

The following is a copy of the direction on the outside of the above letter—

To Mr John Marritt Son to Mr Edward Marritt that lived. at Glounnagross County Clare——
New York, Broad Island, Water Street.——
No 101. or Elsewhere——

Baltimore, July 8.

THE MACEDONIAN ARRIVED.

We have the pleasure to announce the arrival in Annapolis Roads, of the Frigate Macedonian, Captain Warrington, from Carthage, having on board Christopher Hughes, jun. of this city, who went out as a commissioner from our government to demand the release of the American prisoners at that place. Mr. Hughes has succeeded in the object of his mission, and has brought home in the Frigate all of the Americans who remained in prison at the time of his arrival at Carthage, and St. Martha: they were immediately delivered from prison on his demand. Among them are

Mr. Wm. S. Cooper, and Mr. Louis Comte of this place, and Mr. Smith mate of the schooner *Adeline*; this gentleman was severely wounded in an attempt to force the guard some months since at St. Martha, and supposed by those of the prisoners who escaped to have been killed. Mr. Morris Stanley of Hartford Connecticut, is also among those released.

Mr. Hughes landed at Annapolis yesterday morning, and arrived at his own house in this city in the evening, in perfect health.

Our Magnanimous Governor refused to pay his Taxes.

The Taxes.—Our notice of Governor Snyder's refusal to pay his Borough Tax, has not been lost upon majesty.—When the collector called again, his Excellency informed him, that "he would have paid the Tax, but for the fool printer putting it in the paper."

Since that publication another Borough Tax has been laid, and an appeal held.—The Governor addressed a long memoir to the Court of Appeal, urging the unconstitutionality of the Tax. With his wanted shrewdness he argues thus—that the compensation of the Governor shall be neither increased nor diminished during the period for which he shall have been elected; and that this Tax diminishes the compensation; and that, therefore it is unconstitutional."

The Court of Appeal, however, have decided against his Excellency, and he takes nothing by his motion.—[*Harrisburgh Chron.*]

From the Virginia Patriot.

Doctor Mitchell in the Revenue Cutter *Active*, did go to Monmouth county New-Jersey, from New-York, in company with several gentlemen: he did, with a barometer, take the height of the Neversink Hills, the highest point of which he did, discover to be 272 feet above the level of the ocean; and this highest point, the company did call Mount MITCHELL. Thus the Doctor has gained an important point; and may now hope that his name will be as lasting as Neversink Hills.

No child was ever more fond of snatching a little bit of candy, than this man is of snatching a little bit of fame from every little circumstance that occurs, of which he hears, or in which he has any concern. The low tricks too, to which he resorts, are really disgraceful. Many years ago there appeared, every six months, in the London monthly Magazine, a critique on American Literature. According to which, there appeared to be very little literature in the land, excepting what appeared in a Medical work published in N. York, and principally conducted, we believe, by the Great Doctor. His style was particularly praised. There is little doubt but that the Doctor was his own enlogizer.

Among other biographies, that appeared many years ago in an English work called "Public Characters," was the life of Samuel L. Mitchell. There is quite a sufficiency of internal evidence to satisfy any one that this was from the Doctor's own pen. Indeed no other person could have known some of the circumstances there mentioned. Among other great things the Doctor was made a poet:

at least it was stated that he sometimes indulged himself in writing small pieces which were handed round among his friends.

One way to immortalise himself the Doctor considered certain: this was to introduce new names for America, Americans, &c. He even went so far as to introduce the expression "*Fredish ships*" in a bill he drew up in 1804 in the U. S. Senate. The same year he wrote a poem on our Independence, the better to establish Fredonia, Freedland, &c. This laughable literary curiosity published in a pamphlet, he sent to Mr. Bradley, Deputy Post Master General, insisting that in his next map the United States should be called Fredonia.

This poem is about equal to Searson's best, or the rhymes of *Discipulus, Humanitatis* that lately appeared. It is probably now what the booksellers call out of print. As a copy right probably was not secured, we advise some New-York Bookseller to reprint it. It would meet with a rapid sale: for as long as the world loves amusement such rhymes will be read. We advise the Author of the Critic in the Courier to buy a copy from the Author and republish it with remarks.

A little of it must be given. The acquisition of Louisiana: Sec. 10.

By mild negotiation's aid,

Louisiana's fertile lands

Are to Fredonia's sons convey'd

By Spain and powerful France's joint commands.

Thus while your Eastern shore th' Atlantic ocean laves'

Your Western coast is kissed by the Pacific waves.

Sec. 13.

While war and misery attend

The nations of the Eastern climes,

Here peace and happiness befriend

The Fredes most favor'd people of the times,

There taxes and exactions oppress them hard and sore,

While yours are small and easy, and likely to be lower.

The sublime expressions, "most favored people of the times," and "likely to be lower," are quite Homeric.

All however proved vain: Fredonia is not used.—On the death of a great American, a few years ago, the Doctor wrote some consolatory verses, in which the United States were cheered with the declaration that a *Mitchell still lives*.—Whether this great man has written any poetry of late we have not understood. We hope most sincerely that he is not discouraged.

The Doctor was sick, of the croup; he recovered, and sent or give the printer an account of his being near dying, of the same disorder that killed *Gen. Washington*. The Doctor took an excursion in Long Island Sound: and, if we mistake not, took the height of a lighthouse there; to which he gave the name of *Mitchell*, and then published, an account of it.

Has any body found a piece of elastic marble, the Doctor knows all about it; and he only is capable of giving an account of it.—

Have any human bones been found in a strange situation, the Doctor tells how Noah's flood swept them into the place. Has any woman been to sleep and lost her soul, and found a child's, the Doctor gives the relation. In short he is the *fac totum* and *omnium gatherum* of literature and philosophy.

It would be perhaps the most curious production the world ever saw, if a history, a full, faithful history, could be given of all the great Doctor's great doing for twenty year's back; if all his *thoughts* could be published, it would be a most wonderful production; How he thought as he laid awake the previous night, that he should, the next day, go in a cutter to Neversink hills: how the people would gather round to see him depart: how the sailors would wonder how any man could know by a barometer how high a hill is; how he would hint to some of the company that the highest part ought to have a name: how he would insinuate that his own name would suit to a T: how the guns would be fired: how he would return and write a paragraph for the newspaper, and tell all about Doctor Mitchell, and all about what he was about: how the sailors, for centuries and centuries to come, as they passed by Neversink hills would gaze at Mount Mitchell: how he could not sleep thro' fear that the name would not *take*: how he pondered what he should do next to get a little more fame; how he grieved that the United States were not called Fredonia: how he meditated on new names for different parts of the U. States: the Western States to be called *Ohiana*; the Southern *Washingtonia*, the northern *Franklinania*; and the Middle MITCHELLANIA; how he could get such a recommendation to the printer as if from a *correspondent*, disguising his own hand: how he determined to write his own character, and give it to a friend to be published at his death, lest he should not be properly praised: &c. &c.

After all, what has this man done, that deserves notice? What are his discoveries? In what is the world benefitted by him?—The public may well cry out with Juvenal, *nunquamne reponam*? Shall we, as long as this man lives, every week or fortnight, be obliged to read some of his accounts of his greatness?

From the Richmond Enquirer, July 6.

CALL OF THE LEGISLATURE.

We understand, that the Executive Council have agitated the question whether they should make an extraordinary call of the Legislature, before the 15th of November next—the day on which the last Legislature wished the *banks* to resume specie payments.

Some queries have been addressed by the Executive to the banks—to which, an answer has been returned.

The question was taken on Tuesday last, when the Executive Council decided against a call of the Legislature, by a majority, it is currently reported, of 5 to 3.

The following succession of events deserves to be noted:

On the 15th November, the summary process is given to the creditors against the Virginia Banks.

On the 1st Monday of December, the General Assembly of Virginia meets:—

On the 1st Monday of January, the 2nd instalment is due on the United States' Bank—viz. ten dollars in specie, on each share.

On the 20th February, no Bank Notes will be receivable for United States' taxes, but such as are convertible into specie.

WILLIAM DANIEL, Esq. has resigned his commission as judge of the General Court, for the Circuit of Williamsburg.

CHRISTOPHER ANTHONY, Esq. has declined his appointment as Judge of the General Court for the Circuit of Lynchburg.

The Executive Council have since appointed WILLIAM DANIEL, Esq. as a Judge for the Circuit of Lynchburg—That of Williamsburg still remains vacant.

The *seamen* committed to the Penitentiary on a charge of Piracy, were directed, by an order of the Council of State, to be excluded from that building. The Deputy-Marshal, on the 4th inst. took them thence, to the city jail, under a Law of the State, which directs the keeper of every jail within the Commonwealth "to receive into his custody" any prisoners who may be committed to his charge under the authority of the U. States. The Jailor refused to receive them, because the jail was too full.

After some delay, they were conveyed to the cage or a watch-house of this city, where they are now all kept under the custody of a Posse—with the exception of one, who has been committed to the jail.

It is possible, that the accused may yet be conveyed to the jail of Fredericksburg, for safe-keeping.

PATHETIC.

The Epervier sailed from Algiers on the 6th and passed the Straights of Gibraltar on the 14th of July. The schooner *Potomnus*, on her voyage from Baltimore to Gibraltar, spoke her on the 31st of August; in the latitude of the Chesapeake and not more than 400 miles from the coast.—She was under reefed topsails, and therefore, prepared for the storm, which was then approaching. We all remember the tremendous gale, which swept the ocean on the 9th and 10th of August. The besom of destruction then literally passed over the Atlantic, and there can be no doubt, but that the Epervier foundered in the gale, and all who were on board went with her to the bottom. Their fate was a hard one just at the time when their bosoms beat quickest: when the appearance of a vessel, only a few days from America had roused up all their fond anticipations of home, when they even hailed the first approach of the gale, as it speeded them on their course;

when every circumstance which imagination had pictured to attend their arrival, began to assume the form of reality—then it was that an inscrutable Providence had measured their existence. When they fancied their danger almost over, then were they given to be swallowed by the abyss they had so often braved and their bodies buried beneath the waves which broke on the very shores which it was the object of all their wishes and prayers to reach. But it is some comfort to reflect that no carelessness was theirs, that if skill and experience would have availed, they would have been saved; that they sunk beneath the hand of an unrelenting destiny; that the manner of their death was not embittered by many struggles or much suffering; but that amid the uproar of the elements, they paid the great debt of nature together dying in the performance of their duty; and in the service of their country. Their lives were, like the element, they loved, at one time tranquil and quiet, at another full of action and stormy, and the confusion of the tempest, and the wide dismay of shipwreck mingled at their deaths. They believed that as they traversed the mountain waves they should reach a calm and quiet harbor, but they did not know that it was to the haven of Eternity they were hastening, where neither the storm of life nor the tempests of ocean, should ever reach them again. [Balt. Telegraph.]

Some time since a member of Congress who was not content with the usual drink allowed by the house, (*molasses and water*) begged for a little *spirituous* mixture. The door keeper remonstrated against this innovation, on the ground of not knowing to what account he should charge the expenditure: "To what account do you charge the customary drink?" said the honorable member. "To that of *stationary*," replied the door keeper; "then charge the brandy," rejoined the member, "to that of *fuel*."

From the Federal Republican.

MR. CLAY.—Mr. Clay, in his speech on the compensation bill, maintained, that members of Congress ought to be allowed a sufficiency to support their families at Washington. He pompously enumerated what sacrifices were made by professional gentlemen when they accepted a seat in Congress. We state this fact, to shew what low and degrading ideas of their country are entertained by the foremost men in the ranks of democracy.

In the prouder days of America, it was held, that the honor of serving our country was of itself an ample compensation.—It was thought, that any high-minded patriot would rejoice in an opportunity to make any sacrifice at so dignified an altar. It was then thought, that our country had claims upon us in hours of peril, which nothing but the grave could obliterate. It was then thought, that the low considerations of self-interest, the petty gains which were hoarded from the brawls of the Bar, were but small sacrifices

when the venerable voice of our country summoned such eloquence to the councils of the nation. When Washington was called, by the unanimous suffrages of free born millions, to preside over our destinies, he did not tell congress that he could make a more profitable bargain by remaining at Mount Vernon, and superintending the sale of his tobacco. The repayment of the actual expenses of a servant of the public, while engaged in the execution of his office, was all that was contemplated by the constitution.—Many have thought, that even this provision went too far—it was thought, and strongly contended at the time when the constitution was framed, that even such an allowance was too much. It was maintained, that any compensation whatever, served to degrade the rank, importance and dignity of members of congress. It was thought, that no temptation should be thrown in the way of public servants, but the temptation of honour—that he who had not nobleness and elevation sufficient to devote a portion of his time to the service of his country without compensation, could render no services worthy of a compensation. Such peculiar jealousy did the first patriots and statesmen of America entertain upon this point, that they disdained the thoughts of compensation for public service. Nay, it was even proposed, at the time our constitution was formed, to go further than this—it was thought that our senators and representatives, not only should receive no compensation for their services, but also that they should be ineligible to any office in the gift of the government.

This, it was contended would relieve the people from hungry and voracious importunity for public office: it would be a guard upon the national treasury, and prevent the lean, shrivelled, long-nailed, harpy fingers of political mendicants, from searching the recesses of the vaults. This opinion gave way to another, which was, that every independent nation was bound so far to provide for her public servants, as to take care that they suffered no actual injury—that a repayment of their expenses was due on the plain principle of common justice. But no one ever dreamed of carrying this principle to a greater length. So jealous were the early patriots & statesmen of America: and with what mingled emotions of pity & contempt would they have heard the doctrine avowed, that not only the members of congress, but their wives also were to be provided for at Washington at the public expense! What would they have said if a bill had been presented by a member for himself

for his wife

It seems on this principal advanced by Mr. Clay, that not only a man, but his wife also is to be a servant of the public, and both must be maintained at the public expenses.—That we have been governed by women in the field, in the councils and in the cabinet, is an undoubted fact; and Mr. Clay thinks them as

well entitled to recover compensation from the public chest as any other of the officers of government. Dr. Leib, another democrat, has told us, in pretty broad English, that Mrs. Madison is the real President of the United States; and she, on the principal advanced by Mr. Clay, is fairly entitled to receive another sum of twenty-five thousand dollars per annum.

We have been so familiar, since the reign of democracy, to every species of enormity, that we have long since ceased to be astonished at any thing. At any other time than the present, we confess that it would have excited some surprize to hear a man who had been a Senator of the United States, a commissioner on whose word war or peace was dependant, and afterwards Speaker of the House of Representatives, gravely complaining that he could not support his wife at the public expense. At another time than the present, a man would have felt something like personal dignity from holding offices so important—it would have enlarged his views, and expanded his ideas, on the dignity of public service—No such change can be discovered in Mr. Clay—he comes forward under Madisonian auspices, looks upon all offices in the gift of the government as a job, and boldly exclaims on the floor of congress, that he cannot maintain his wife and family at Washington, unless at the public expense.

From the Binghampton Phoenix, of June 25.

At a court of Oyer and Terminer, holden in this village last week, at which his Honor the Chief Justice presided, Robert Degroaff was tried on an indictment for passing counterfeit money, and acquitted.

He was then tried on an indictment for breaking goal, found guilty, and sentenced to imprisonment in the State Prison for four years.

Degroaff was undoubtedly guilty of the first offence. On his examination before the magistrate who committed him, he acknowledged that he had passed the money, and knew it to be counterfeit, but when the trial came on, this examination was not to be found, and although every body thought him guilty, he was acquitted, for want of sufficient proof of his guilt.

It is a common observation, that since the appointment of Daniel Cruger, to the office of District Attorney, the business of the public has suffered much, for the want of a public prosecutor. Mr. Cruger, great as he is, has never deigned to shew his face within the walls of our Court House since his appointment. He can pocket the emoluments of the office, and stay at home. The consequence has been, that the public business has been some times intrusted to one, and sometimes to another, and several guilty persons have escaped punishment for want of proper management. It is time the "*procedure was corrected*," and if Mr. Cruger, *will not* attend to his duty, we hope the governor and council of appointment, who are, as every body knows,

the "*friends of the people*," will be friendly enough to us poor devils of the County of Broome, to remove him from office, and appoint some person in his place, who is able and willing to discharge the duties appertaining to the office of district attorney.

Until this is done, "*we the people*" have an undoubted right, and we *will* complain.

From the Charleston City Gazette.

Piracy Detected.—We published on Saturday last, from the *Richmond Compiler*, a paragraph respecting the apprehension of five or six persons at York, Va. on a supposition of their having been pirates. This article, with its accompanying remarks, from the *Norfolk Ledger*, is again published, that our readers may have all possible light thrown upon so mysterious a transaction. The instrument purporting to be a "*Copy of instructions to S. Fisk, commander of the privateer schr. Santa fecino*," has at bottom a list of "*agents*" in Baltimore, Philadelphia, New-York, Providence, Wilmington, Newbern, Charleston, Port-au-Prince, Anx-Cayes, City St. Domingo, Turks Island, and Buenos Ayres; and is signed and dated at Baltimore. These names, for several reasons, are omitted: we observe among them a very respectable merchant of this city. This is certainly the most novel case of piracy we recollect to have seen recorded; as the projectors of it, whoever they may be, have endeavored to implicate in guilt some of the first merchants in our large commercial cities. The "*copy of instructions*" is signed "*THOMAS TAYLOR*," and dated at "*Baltimore, April 11.*" *A gentleman now in this place, who resides in and is well acquainted in Baltimore, informs us that he knows of no such person there.*

From another article, copied out of the *Richmond Enquirer*, it appears that one of the prize-masters and the sailing master of the above piratical schooner are taken and committed to gaol in York County, Va.; and the schooner is said to be the late privateer Kemp, of Baltimore.

It is to be hoped that this nefarious affair will be thoroughly sifted, and its unprincipled instigators be brought to condign punishment.

From the Boston Recorder.

Our black countrymen at Sierra Leone.

Many of our readers doubtless recollect, that about 30 people of colour left Boston early last winter with a view of settling themselves in the British colony at Sierra Leone in Africa. The vessel in which they sailed was the property and under the command of Capt. Paul Cuffee. Capt. Cuffee, has returned to this country, and brings letters from the emigrants to their friends and benefactors.—We have seen one of the letters, dated April 3, 1816. It states that they all arrived safe in Sierra Leone, after a passage of 55 days, and were welcomed by all in the colony.—The place is represented as 'good.' They have fruit of all kinds, and at all seasons of the year. The governor was very friendly; he gave each family a lot of land in the town and 50 acres of 'good land' in the country, or more in proportion to their families, and allowed them the 'pick of the whole.'—Their land in the country is about two miles from town. They have plenty of rice and corn, and 'all other food that is good.' The British were bringing in American vessels every week, with the slaves which they were carrying off under the Spanish flag. The slaves were all set free. There were five churches in the colony, and three or four schools, in one of which there are 150 female Africans, who are taught to read

the word of God. The only thing which annoyed them was the immense number of ants, who 'go in bands, and kill all the serpents that fall in their way.'

A Most Important Matter Settled.

The Prince Regent, in the name and on the behalf of the King, has declared and ordained, "that his Serene Highness Leopold George Frederick, Duke of Saxe, Margrave of Meissen, Langrave of Thuringuen, Prince of Coburg of Saalfeld, consort of her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte Augusta, shall take, hold, and enjoy, during the term of his natural life, in all assemblies or meetings whatsoever, the precedence and rank following, that is to say, before the Lord Archbishop Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and all other Great Officers, and before the Dukes (other than and except the Dukes of the Blood Royal) and all other Peers of the Realm." [London Paper.

The French Academy have ordered a medal to be struck in honour of BUCCHIS, their celebrated tragic poet. All nations ought to feel an interest in the homage paid to genius; but England especially may view with pleasure the distinction shown to a man devoted to English literature, and who, by his six translations from SHAKESPEARE, (*King John, Romeo and Juliet, Macbeth, Othello, Hamlet, Lear.*) manifested at least his fond admiration for the great bard, whom the mass of Frenchmen, not having capacity to comprehend, presume in their ignorant vanity to despise.

MEANS OF PRESERVING THE LIVES OF SEAMEN AND OTHERS, FROM SHIPWRECK.

Captain Joseph Brodie, R. N. has transmitted to the Mayor of Exeter a letter on this interesting subject. He says, "I have often recommended to shipmasters to have a kite made of parchment on board, for flying a line on shore in the event of a ship being stranded; but such is the disposition of sailors, that, from superstitious notions, they will not have such a thing on board." He however adds, "All ships carry them; and all that is wanted is sending ropes on shore from a vessel on the strand, if she is near enough to get men on shore by ropes.—It is common when ships are in distress, that they hoist their ensigns in the top-mast shrouds, and when driving on shore this is the signal:—and all that is wanted is to have the ensign halyards good, and laid over the cross trees, not rove through any thing; the lead lines to be bent to the halyards, and the tack of some other piece of line, not the halyards. When the ship is on the strand, cut the tack close to the flag, and let the halyards and lead lines run through a man's hand, or over the cap, when the wind will blow the flag far enough on shore, and when those on land have got hold of the lead lines, ropes for pulling the people on shore, can be sent immediately. I have been honoured with the thanks of the Lords of the Admiralty for this discovery; and hope you will see it expedient to make it known to all the sailors, as well as to the inhabitants along shore, from your port to Plymouth."—London paper.

THE CLIMAX.

At the conclusion of the American revolution, Dr. Franklin, the English Ambassador, and the French Minister, Vergennes, dining

together at Versailles, a toast from each was called for and agreed to. The British Minister began with

"George III—who, like the Sun in his meridian, spreads a lustre throughout and enlightens the world."

The French Minister followed with "*The illustrious Louis XVI.*—who like the Moon, sheds his mild and benignant rays on and influences the globe."

Our American Franklin then gave

"GEORGE WASHINGTON, *Commander of the American Army*—who, like Joshua of old, commanded the Sun and Moon to stand still, and they obeyed him."

To Destroy Cock-Roaches.

Take common red wafers, and strew them along the closet or rooms frequented by this offensive species of vermin, and it will destroy every one that eats it. I have found it effectual. It is probably, red Lead, contained in the wafer, that is poisonous. Small scraps or cuttings can be obtained at a cheap rate at the wafer makers.

THE TOMB OF BURROWS.

I saw the green turf resting cold
On Burrows' hallow'd grave,
No stone the inquiring patriot told
Where slept the good and brave.
Heaven's rain and dew conspired to blot
The traces of the holy spot.

No flowrets deck'd the little mound,
That moulder'd on his breast,
Nor rural maidens, gath'ring round,
His tomb with garlands drest
But sporting children thoughtless trod
On Valour's consecrated sod.

I mourn'd, who for his country bleeds
Should be forgot so soon,
That fairest fame and brightest deeds
Should want a common boon.
But oh! the rich have hearts of steel,
And what can Pen'ry more than feel?

At length "a passing Stranger"* came
Whose hand its bounties shed,
He bade the speaking marble claim
A tribute for the dead:
And, sweetly blending, hence shall flow
The tears of Gratitude and Woe.

* Mr. Davis of New-York.

WOMAN.—[An Extract.] *

Is there a heart that never lov'd,
Nor felt soft woman's sigh?
Is there a man can mark, unmoved,
Dear woman's tearful eye?
Oh! bear him to some distant shore
Or solitary cell,
Where nought but savage monsters roar,
Where love ne'er deigned to dwell.

For there's a charm in woman's eye,
A language in her tear,
A spell in every sacred sigh,
To man, to virtue, dear;
And he who can resist her smiles,
With brutes alone should live;
Nor taste that joy which care beguiles—
That joy her virtues give.

FRIDAY, JULY 12.

Fire.—About 1 o'clock yesterday morning, a fire broke out in a wooden building on the west side of Fly-Market between Pearl and Water-streets, and before it was got under destroyed five buildings on Fly-Market and three in Water-street. They were owned and occupied by the following persons.

On Fly-Market two wooden buildings belonging to Samuel Paxton, one occupied by Andrew Gentle as a seed store, and the other as a boarding house.

Two brick front 2 story houses owned by the heirs of Mr. Beakley's estate and occupied by Mr. Connelly and Mrs. M'Gowan as Porter Houses.—In one of these houses Mrs. Wilbur was also a tenant and kept a boarding house.

A brick house and a small tenement adjoining on the corner of Water-street belonging to Charles White, the house occupied by Thos. D. Penny, hair dresser—the small tenement occupied by John Edwards as a victualling shop.

On Water-street a 2 story wooden building owned by Ed. Seaman, and a three story brick house, owned by Wm. Howard. Both of these buildings were occupied as Fur stores, one by I. Ives and O. White and the other by Howard and White. Here the progress of the devouring elements was arrested. Fly-Market was on fire several times and it was with the utmost difficulty it was saved.

The buildings themselves which have been destroyed were old and not of any great value. The greatest sufferers we presume are those who occupied them and are broke up in their business and put to the inconvenience of removing.—[E. Post.

It is reported, that the U. S. frigate *Macedonian*, has received orders and will sail from Baltimore in a few days for Lima, (Pacific ocean,) to demand of the Royal Spanish government the immediate restoration of an American whale ship, which lately put into a port on the coast of Peru for supplies, and was seized on the ground of not having a sea letter, which by our treaty with Spain, is not requisite unless the European powers are at war.—*Ibid.*

From the Boston Palladium, July 9.

Extract of a letter from Messrs. B. & W. ROBERTS, merchants of Trinidad, dated June 8.

"We forward you our Price Current, and shall be happy if it is beneficial to you or any of your friends trading this way.

"**Prices**—Superfine flour \$20; rye flour 70; corn meal 9; corn per bushel, 1 50; rice per 100, 7; peas per bushel, 1 50; beans 2; pilot bread per bbl. 10; navy do. 8; codfish per 112 lbs. 7; scale fish 4; salmon per bbl. 16; mackerel 9; herrings 5; alewives 4; lard per lb. 20 cents; hams 33; lumber, pitch pine, per 1000 feet, 60; flooring boards, 70; white

pine 60; Albany boards 64; clapboards per 1000, 48; staves, red oak, per 1000, 48; white oak 60; shingles, Boston, 6; cypress 22 inch 10; hoops 60; oxen, each, 90; mules 64; sheep 18; goats 10; tobacco, per 100 lbs. 16; tar per bbl. 6; pitch do. 8; turpentine 6; tallow, per lb. 20 cents; lamp oil per gallon, 1; beef, Irish mess, per bbl. 14; pork do. 14 to 16; butter, Irish per firkin 14; soap per lb. 16; candles, tallow, 26; spermaceti 30; porter doz. 3; gin, Holland, gal. 2; brandy, cogniac, 2 50; wine, Madeira, per doz. 12; do. per pipe 360 to 400; Bordeaux claret, per doz. 3; do. do. per hhd. 40; port per doz. 8; sherry 10; champagne 26; hock 18; sweet oil 12; tea, imperial per lb. 2; loaf sugar per lb. 36 cents; sugar muscovoda, per 100 lbs. 6 to 7; coffee 10; cocoa per 110 lbs. 20; indigo, per lb. 1 50; cotton, per 100 lbs. 24; rum, proof 25 per gal. 44 cents; molasses 22; fusile per ton, \$28; lignumvitæ, 16; hides, dried, each 2; salted do. Exchange on London \$430 for 100/ sterling; on the U. S. par. Imports pay 3 1-2 per cent. ad. val. Exports of produce pay 3 1-2 per cent. on a fixed tariff. There is a transient tax of 10 per cent. on cargoes that do not come consigned to a resident here. Spirits pay 40 cents per gallon. Wines 7 1-2 ad. val.

We have received from our correspondent at Martinique, the papers of that island to the 11th ult.

Prices at St. Pierres, Martinique, June 14.

Flour, in the road, for export, \$11; Corn \$5; Rice \$5 25; Lard \$20 22; fish \$5 to 5 50; w. p. Lumber, \$22 to 23; p. p. do. \$40 to 44; w. o. Staves \$40 to 44; r. o. staves 30; Sugar, muscovado \$8 to 9 50; clayed \$12 to 13 50; coffee 14 to 15; Molasses 28 cents.

CHARLESTON, July 3.

Capture of Margaretta.—We learn from Capt. Humphreys, of the brig *Saucy Jack*, arrived here yesterday from St. Jago de Cuba, that the patriots of South America had succeeded in taking possession of the island of Margaretta. This island is divided from Terra Firma by a straight twenty-four miles in width. It is inhabited by Spaniards and Indians, who are said by Dr. Morse to be indolent and superstitious people. The revolutionists will probably find, from its proximity to the Maine, that it will prove a valuable acquisition to their cause, as their cruisers can touch in for supplies; and, if properly garrisoned, will be an excellent position to fit out an expedition to annoy their adversaries.

A blundering Editor.—A western democratic Editor announces to the public, that "the address of the board of Health, of New-York, is a document of some consequence in its proper place; but is inserted in this paper through mistake." A rare mistake indeed! More than four columns of the aforesaid "address" are given in the paper containing the above paragraph, and at the bottom the public are informed that the remainder will be published next week! Well done brother Typo!

This "mistake" reminds me of a story of an honest German journeyman printer; who, having unfortunately broken down one page of his form, very sagaciously, worked off his paper with the following words in large letters upon the blank page:—"Omitted for the want of room!"—*Northern Whig.*

On the evening preceeding the anniversary of our independence, a well adapted discourse, replete with good sense, and that spirit of patriotism and christianity which deserves the emulation of all, was delivered upon the occasion in the Episcopal Church, by the Rev. Mr. BEDELL. I understand the democrats claim it as a *democratic* sermon, and I am rejoiced that they do so. If the preacher intended it as a *democratic* discourse, he was exceedingly well acquainted with his subject; for he preached to them with all the fervency of a christian, to abstain from *drunkenness*, and exhorted them most earnestly, not to appear in the street on the fourth, in state of *Intoxication*!—*ib.*

On the 3d inst. at West Chester, Penn. during a thunder storm, there fell a considerable number of stones, from the size of a marble to that of a walnut. Some of them appear to be feld spar, and some quartz or white flint. It has been said lightning sometimes proceeds from the earth: in that case, these stones may have been thrown up to a considerable height and then fallen; but there is no feld spar within several miles of W. C.

From the Boston Daily Advertiser.

Although much has been said of the remarkable battle of Waterloo, and many anecdotes have been related on the authority of the peasant De Coster, we think the following connected narrative given by him will still be read with interest.

THE MEMORABLE 18TH OF JUNE.

Narrative of the Conduct of Napoleon Bonaparte on the 18th of June, 1815, during and after the battle of Waterloo; taken from the Deposition of John Baptist de Coster, who served as his guide on that day.

J. B. de Coster is aged about 53; he was born in the village of Corbec-loo, near Louvaine, and has inhabited Wallon for 33 years; he is five feet ten inches high, and of a robust florid complexion; he is intelligent, and there is great appearance of truth in the answers he makes to questions put to him; he understands French very well, and expresses his ideas with great facility.

Before the invasion of Napoleon, de Coster occupied a small ale-house (*cabaret*) with about six acres of land. Upon the approach of the French Army, on the 17th of June, he retired with his family, consisting of his wife and seven children; into the wood of the Abbey d'Awyers, where he passed the night (Saturday); at six o'clock on Sunday morning he went to church, and from thence to his brother's, who lived at Panchenoit. He met there three French Generals who inquired of him if he had lived in the country a

long time, and if he was well acquainted with the environs. Upon his answering in the affirmative, one of them sent him to Bonaparte with a letter, and accompanied by a servant.

Bonaparte slept on the 17th June in a farm, called the Caillou, and left it at six next morning. De Coster found him at a farm, named Rossum, where he (Bonaparte) arrived at eight A. M. and was immediately presented to Bonaparte, who was standing in a room about 20 feet by 16, in the midst of a great number of officers of his staff. Bonaparte asked him, if he was well acquainted with the local situation of the country, and if he would be his guide? De Coster having answered him satisfactorily, Bonaparte told him he would accompany him, adding, "Speak friendly with me, my friend, as if you were with your children."

Rossum farm is near La Belle Alliance. The Emperor remained there till near mid-day. During this time De Coster was closely watched in the farm-yard by one of the Garde, who, whilst walking with him, informed him of the force of the army (French) and told him, that upon passing the frontiers, they had an army of 150,000 men, of which 40,000 were cavalry, among which were 9000 cuirassiers, 7000 of the New and 3 or 9000 of the Old Guard. This soldier praised much the bravery displayed by the English at Quatre Bras. He particularly admired the *sang-froid* of Scotch Highlanders, who (says he, in his military style) "*ne bongeoncent, que lorsqu'on leur mettoit la batonnette du derriere.*"

During this time Bonaparte had De Coster called three different times, to obtain information as to the maps of the country, which he constantly consulted. He questioned him chiefly upon the distance of several towns of Brabant from the field of battle, and made him explain those he had seen in his youth. De Coster named fourteen, which appeared to please Bonaparte; he seemed very much satisfied to find that De Coster was Flemish, and that he spoke the language; he advised him above all to give only well authenticated information and not to answer for things of which he was uncertain, shrugging his shoulders at the same time. He repeated often these instructions, adding, "that if he (Bonaparte) succeeded, his recompence should be a hundred times greater than he could imagine." He dispensed with every particular mark of respect, telling him that instead of taking off his cap, he need only put his hand to his forehead.

At mid-day Bonaparte went out with his staff, and placed himself upon a bank on the side of the road, which commanded a view of the field of battle. Shortly afterwards news arrived that the attack upon the farm and *chateau* of Hougoumont, which he had commenced at eleven o'clock, was unsuccessful.

At one the battle became general; Bonaparte remained in his first station with his staff until five; he was on foot, and constant

ly walking backwards and forwards, sometimes with his arms crossed, but chiefly behind his back, with his thumbs in the pockets of a dark coloured great coat; he had his eyes fixed upon the battle, and pulled out his watch and snuff box alternately. De Coster, who was on horseback near him, observed frequently his watch. Bonaparte perceived that De Coster took snuff, and that he had none, gave him several pinches.

When he found that his attempts to force the position of the Chateau of Hougoumont had been made in vain, he took a horse, left the farm of Rossum at five p. m. and riding foremost, halted opposite De Coster's house, about 100 yards from La Belle Alliance. He remained here until seven. At this moment he, by means of a telescope, first perceived the Prussians advance, and communicated it to an aid-de-camp, who upon turning his spying-glass, saw them also. Some moments after, an officer came to announce that Bulow's corps approached. Bonaparte replied that he knew it well, and gave orders for his guards to attack the centre of the English army; and riding a full gallop in advance, he placed himself with his staff, in a hollow made by the road, half way between La Belle Alliance and Haye Sainte. This was his third and last position.

Bonaparte and his suite ran great risks to reach this hollow, a bullet struck the pommel of the saddle of one of his officers, without touching him or his horse. Bonaparte contented himself by coolly observing "that they must remain in this hollow."

Here there was on each side of the road a battery, and perceiving that one of the cannons of the left battery did not play well, he dismounted, ascended the height of the road, advanced to the third piece, and rectified the error, whilst the bullets were hissing around him.

Whilst in this position, he saw eight battalions of his old guard, to whom he had given orders to force the centre of the English army, advancing upon Haye Sainte. Three of these battalions were annihilated in his sight, whilst crossing the road, by the firing from the farm and batteries. Nevertheless the French made themselves masters of the farm, and the Hanoverians who occupied it, were obliged to surrender for want of ammunition.

To support the foot guards (*garde a pied*) Bonaparte made his horse guards, composed of eight or nine regiments, advance; he waited the result of the charge with the greatest anxiety, but he saw the flower of his army destroyed in an instant, whilst ascending the hill upon which Haye Sainte is situate. This was his last trial; for on seeing his Old Guard destroyed, he lost all hope, and on turning towards his officers said, "*a present c'est finis, sauvons nous.*" (It is now finished, let us save ourselves.)

It was half past eight o'clock, and without pursuing any steps, or giving any orders, and taking all possible care to avoid the Prussi-

ans, he, accompanied by his staff, rode off at full gallop to Genappe. In passing before a battery of 14 guns, that was near the observatory, he ordered that before they abandoned it to the enemy they should fire 14 rounds.

When he arrived at Genappe, it was half past nine o'clock, p. m. The only street which forms this village, was so incumbered with caissons and cannon, that it required an entire hour to pass them, along side the houses; all the inhabitants had forsaken their dwellings. There was no other road to take because the Prussians occupied the left, and there was no other bridge but that of Genappe, by which to pass the river that flowed there.

From Genappe he advanced towards Quatre Brass, hastening his pace, always afraid the Prussians would arrive before him; he was more tranquil when he had passed this last place, and when arrived at Gosseley, he even dismounted and walked the remainder of the road to Charleroy (about one league.) He traversed Charleroy about two hours and a half, and stopped in a meadow, called Marcenelle, at the other end of the town. There they made a large fire, and brought him two glasses and two bottles of wine, which he drank with his officers. He took no other nourishment. They spread upon the ground a sack of oats, which his horses eat in their bridles. At a quarter before five o'clock after having taken another guide, (to whom he gave the horse that had served De Coster,) he remounted, made a slight bow to De Coster, and rode off. Bertrand gave De Coster, for his services, a single Napoleon, and disappeared, as also the whole staff, leaving De Coster alone, who was obliged to return home on foot.

During the whole time that he was with Bonaparte, he was not maltreated, except whilst they were retreating, on their arrival at Quatre Brass, when one of the officers finding that a second guide which they had with them escaped, tied the bridle of De Coster's horse to his own saddle as a precautionary measure.

From the moment that Bonaparte began to retreat until his arrival in the meadow of Marcenelle he did not stop nor did he *speak to any one*. He had taken no nourishment from the time he left the farm Rossum, and De Coster even thinks he had taken nothing from six in the morning.

The dangers of the battle did not appear to effect him. De Coster, who was greatly agitated through fear, lowered his head frequently on the neck of his horse to avoid the balls which hissed over his head. Bonaparte appeared displeased at it, and told him that those motions made his officers believe that he was wounded, and also added, that he would not escape the balls more by stooping than by holding himself upright.

During the battle, he often rendered justice to the opposing army; he principally praised the Scotch Greys, and expressed much re-

gret to see them suffer so severely, when they manœuvred so well, and wielded the sword so dexterously.

Until half-past five P. M. he had the greatest hope of success and repeated every moment "*All goes well.*" His generals entertained the same hope. He was perfectly calm, and shewed much *sang froid* during the action, without appearing out of humor, and always spoke very mildly to his officers.

He was never in danger of being taken prisoner, being always surrounded; even in the third station, where he was nearest to the enemy, he had with him twelve pieces of cannon, and three thousand grenadiers of his guard.

He made no use of the observatory which had been constructed for him six weeks before the battle by the engineers of Holland.

In his flight he frequently received news from the army, by officers who came up with him in their escape from the pursuit of the Allies.

The house of De Coster having served as a bivouac for the French, they burnt all the doors, windows and wood that they could find. The rent that he paid was one hundred francs.

This narrative was given at Waterloo, in the public house kept by Jean De Nivelles.

The Newburyport Herald lately inserted the following:

"*Quere.* Would not *Asbestos* be useful for Bank Bill paper, as it is very durable and not combustible?"

We also suggest that it would be the material exactly adapted for paper for *Georgia Records*; and, if this country is doomed always to have Rulers of the true *Bladensburg Race*, all the documents in the national archives ought to be manufactured from *Asbestos*, and the renowned "*Incombustible Spaniard*" should be the *Custos Rotulorum*. This however would hardly fall "within the scope of the policy" of such men as now hold the helm; for they will fare the better, the less posterity knows of them; oblivion is the best fate that awaits them.—*Salem Gaz.*

From the *Greene & Del. Washingtonian*.

Nothing can be more insupportable than those calamities which, in opposition to the best advice, we have obstinately brought upon ourselves—wherein every groan and every complaint is attended either with self reproach, or censure of our dearest friends.—This remark is generally applicable to those capitalists who early sided with the conspirators against American commerce; and advocated both the restrictive system and the war, to enhance their profits upon domestic manufactures. After a momentary riot upon the spoils of their fellow citizens, they find themselves reduced even below the common level, by the relinquishment of the wild project that first inspired their hopes. Could they by any subtlety lay the sin at the door of federalism, they might find in the indulgence

of invective some alleviation of their sufferings; but in this instance even that consolation is denied them; for they well know that, during the war, it was not in the power of federalists to interfere with their cent. per cent. profits; and that since the ruin of their monopoly, they have been their warmest advocates on the floor of Congress.

Seduced by the belief that the prevailing corruption, which was prostrating commerce, must of necessity foster them, they were solicitous only for its continuance, and in every stage of national privation and impoverishment, they were in the front rank of wind-patriots and ballot warriors. Had their exertions been early directed to the obvious interests of their country, they would not now be groaning under oppression, or mourning over their perishing materials and dormant machinery. But they must now suffer the common fate of all who are used for fraudulent purposes.

They are discarded because no longer useful. Having assisted to rear the fabric of aristocracy, it can now stand without their support; and to cherish them any longer would only burden their former employers. Their present sufferings are real, but they must be placed to the account of those whose iniquitous designs they have aided. *Cardinal de Retz* relates, that in the administration of *Mazarine*, a peasant riding on a half starved mule, at every false step the poor beast made cursed the Cardinal; upon which he was asked, what communication there could be between the stumbling of his jade and the minister? He replied thus: The Cardinal has taxed barley; barley is my beast's provender, this tax makes me unable to feed him as before, want of food makes him weak, weakness makes him stumble—curse on the Cardinal.

The countryman was undoubtedly right—his inference was not far-fetched, but drawn from the source. At the present time our mules are all stumbling under us, and those who have seen and endeavoured to remove the cause are entitled to the sincere, though unavailing sympathy of honest men; but those who cannot, or will not trace the calamity to its source, are either more stupid than the peasant, or more obstinate than the mule.

Walter Scott, the Poet and the Apparition.

A correspondent in the *Kentucky Reporter*, gives the following description of the celebrated *Walter Scott*:—

"*Walter Scott* is said to be a stout, broad-shouldered, brawny and fleshy man, with light hair and complexion, and eyes between a blue and a grey, thick nose, round fat face, sleepy expression and a lame leg." This description is tolerably correct, to which we shall add a few particulars.

Mr. Scott's nose is not only thick, but turned up, and of that character which a disciple of *Lavater* would pronounce stupid. *Walter Scott*, while at school and at college,

was regarded by his associates as a dull but industrious student. His talent for poetry did not appear until at a late period. We believe, that he never wrote a single line until the age of twenty-six. His first attempts were translations from German Tales. In the winter of 1799, soon after the appearance of some verses of this description, the following singular occurrence was narrated by him, which we have directly heard from that gentleman to whom he has dedicated the fourth book of his *Marmion* and who breakfasted with Mr. Scott the morning afterwards.

Mr. Scott and a friend had gone one evening to the Edinburg Theatre, but returned after the play, without waiting the farce, to Boyle's tavern, which was the next house to the theatre; preferring a literary and social conversation to the amusement of a farce. The door was closed, and they were seated over a good fire and a bottle of wine, discussing the merits of the German poetry, when, on a sudden, a venerable looking figure, dressed in black, with grey hair, appeared, placed on the opposite side of the table, and fronting the fire. Without uttering a word, he deliberately reached his hand to Mr. Scott's glass, which was empty, filled it with wine, bowed to Mr. Scott and his friend, drank off his bumper, and immediately disappeared, the door seemingly remaining shut all the time. The story was immediately circulated through the town, to the no small amusement of Mr. Scott's acquaintances; the greater part of whom attributed the appearance of the black gentleman, to the true cause, the effects of the wine; but both the poet and his friend were unquestionably impressed with the belief, that they had been visited by a supernatural stranger.—*Lynchburg Press*.

LONDON, May 15.

The following is an extract of a letter from on board the Spanish slave schr. *Rosoa*, prize to H. M. ship *Bann*, dated Sierra Leone, Jan. 26.

"My Dear Sir—I have just arrived in the above vessel, which we have captured, after an anxious chase of many hours, and a smart action with our boats of an hour and a half. We were refitting here in H. M. ship *Bann*, about a fortnight since, when information was received of three vessels under Spanish colors, well manned and armed, being at the Galines, a place about 150 miles to leeward of Sierra Leone, taking in slaves. With great exertions, being entirely dismantled at the time, we got the ship ready, and at sea by 3 o'clock the following morning. The wind failing, we did not get off the place until the 6th morning by day break; when, to our great satisfaction, we discovered a large schooner in shore, who on seeing us, immediately cut his cables, and made all sail with a light breeze off the land—we after him, but soon found he had the advantage in sailing. At 12 o'clock, luckily for us, it fell calm, chase about 9 miles distant, when the 2d. lieut. was dispatched with all the boats. A little before 3, being within shot, chase ran up a Spanish ensign and pendant, swept his broadside round to bear upon the boats, and commenced a sharp fire of round and grape upon them; there being a very heavy ground swell on, and no wind, I am

happy to say it took very little effect; about 4, being within pistol shot, prepared to board, one boat on each bow, and one on each quarter, schooner keeping up a heavy fire of grape and musketry—our pinnace having a 12 pound carronade, cut him up very much; his mainmast at this time being shot away, gave three hearty cheers, darted along side, and carried him sword in hand. The vessel proved to be the *Rosoa*, under Spanish colors, from Havanna, pierced for 16 guns, but only 4 mounted, about 20 men her crew, all Americans, and 276 slaves; being under Spanish colors is all nonsense, as the prize was formerly the American privateer *Perry*, of Baltimore, is now manned entirely with Americans, commanded by an American, and had beat off, only four days previous to our falling in with her, under American colors, the colonial vessel of war *Princess Charlotte*. When the rascal found our boats getting the upper hand, he let about 50 slaves out of irons, and arming them with boarding pikes, told them, that should we get on board, they would all be murdered, which made the poor wretches fight like devils; they stood the deck when every American that was able had jumped below. Thank God, we have none killed, owing to the heavy roll of a sea that was on; our assistant surgeon and three or four men are badly wounded; about the same number of Americans are wounded; but the vessel is very much cut up about her masts and rigging—the main-mast is shot away. After taking out the prisoners, and putting her to rights as well as we could, I was despatched in her, with 14 men, to Sierra Leone, where having had favourable winds, we have arrived safe, after a short passage. She was the last of the three we went in quest of, her two consorts having sailed three days before we arrived; one of them mounted 18 guns and 80 men, with 500 slaves; the other 6 guns and 30 men, with 300 slaves; all three came from Havanna. Her trial has not lasted long, the Admiralty Court here having condemned immediately. I do not know yet what is to be done with the American prisoners. The coast is full of American vessels, under Spanish colours, all well manned and armed. To-morrow we sail in quest of a ship now off Cape Mount, with part of her cargo on board; the whole, when complete, will consist of 1200 slaves; she mounts 24 guns, and is manned with 150 men."

NEW PHENOMENON.

VIENNA, APRIL 5.

STIRIA—In the *Gratz Gazette* there is the following account from Salmthal, in the circle of Marburg:—

"On the 4th of March this year, at nine in the evening, we had in this neighborhood an entirely new Phenomenon, on two estates of Count Kuenburg. A violent storm, accompanied with snow and rain passed from the Westward towards the South-east, that is, from the Schwanburg Alps towards the Vineyards of Gerith, over the mountain castle of Honleneca, within which is the parish church; when suddenly the gilded cross on the steeple of this church seemed to be in flames, which lighted the country all around, and at the same time a sort of crackling or hissing noise was heard from the steeple, as when water is poured upon red-hot-iron. This lasted for a whole quarter of an hour, and left rather an unpleasant smell. The next day the cross was almost black, but it now begins to resume its former brightness.

"With a telescope one can perceive that something inflammable fixed itself on the iron. At the same time a similar Phenomenon appeared at the top of the steeple of the church of Westburg, only the fire was smaller and of shorter duration. It is strange that these electrical flames appeared only on these two steeples, which are almost a German mile (*five English miles*) distant from each other, though there are other steeples in the line between them, some of them of the same height on which nothing similar was perceived.

"It may be easily supposed that this Phenomenon, on account of its novelty, furnishes the peasants with matter of various conjectures. It had most resemblance with flame often seen on the masts of ships, called by the Italians *Tucco di St. Luno*, which is also accompanied by a cracking noise, and is considered by mariners as a presage of favourable weather."

SATURDAY, JULY 13.

Communicated.

A superficial observer would take the citizens of New-York, to be the most humane and tender-hearted people under the sun. Their humanity seems to embrace the whole human family, (except *ourselves*;) as the sea encircles the globe. Tell them of some calamity which has befallen a citizen of France, and you will hear them bewail his fate as if he were a brother. If a French peasant is oppressed by his haughty landlord, what indignation will they display towards the rich oppressor, and what pity for the poor oppressed! Marshall Ney, and others, were lately executed for Treason, and such was the feeling which was excited among the democrats, that I looked for a Crusade against Louis XVIII. Now this might lead one to think our countrymen very humane, if we did not know that these same sympathetic souls have witnessed, with barbarous indifference, the murder of a revolutionary patriot, an officer of distinction, by a mob of Baltimore! With indifference, did I say—nay, with horrid satisfaction. A patriot, not murdered for Treason, but for the defence of the liberty of the press, in a republic! Again, when they read of the poor and oppressed people of Ireland; they are absolutely thrown into a fit of the glooms, and all the democratic editors

"Lament in rhyme, lament in prose,
With salt tears trickling down the nose."

This would excite my admiration, if these same men did not behold with savage inhumanity, the grey-haired soldiers of the revolution,

"Begging thro' lands their valor won."

One of those revolutionary soldiers, who had lost all to save his country, once entered a democratic printing-office, and asked a few cents "for charity's sake." The Editor was that moment reciting, with tears in his eyes, "There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin"—Tender hearted man!

If he could so feelingly weep for the sufferings of a stranger, what do you think his feelings were, to see before him his own fellow-citizen; an old soldier; a soldier who fought and bled for our freedom for seven long years; a soldier who was ragged and grey, and emaciated with hunger; a soldier who bared his bosom and stripped his arm to show the scars which he received at Bunker's Hill, and Gifford, and Germantown; I say, what

do you think were the feelings of this Editor? Ah! gentle reader! he ordered him to retire, else he would have him put in the alms-house, or prosecuted as a vagabond! If Mr. Cobbett informs us that an English lord prosecuted a peasant for shooting a Hare, what indignation! what rage does the dreadful story excite in New-York! The National Advocate man, fairly weeps, and wails, and gnashes his teeth! He mourns the fate of the poor peasant most dolefully, and curses "o'er and o'er again" all the lords upon the face of the earth. Now, if he feels so tenderly for the sufferings of an Englishman, how much more do you think he would feel for a fellow-citizen! But, gentle reader, I declare to you, and I call this city, nay, heaven to witness, that this same man, and nearly all his party, are this moment witnessing a more cruel oppression of a citizen, by a haughty mayor, with utter indifference, if not with satisfaction, and he says not a word against it, but by his silence gives sanction to the oppression! Is this not strange? If the lord mayor of London should order a poor widow, with a family of orphans, to close her shop, and at the same time allow all the men in London to keep theirs open, how much ink would be shed, in abusing that mayor! but the mayor of New-York has done this, and not a democratic voice is lifted up against him! Is not this strange? Yes—it is "passing strange."

If the ladies of New-York—tender souls! were to read Mrs. Usber's story in a novel, or see it performed at the theatre, how would they turn up their pretty eye-balls, "like Niobe all tears!" How pathetically would they lament the fate of the oppressed widow and her innocent orphans! And how would they execrate the barbarous, the unjust, the naughty, the wicked, the tyrannical mayor who oppressed them. But the reality is exhibited before them this moment, and, I believe, that it gives them no uneasiness whatever. They weep daily for poor Constance, in *Marmion*; for Zulicka, in the *Bride of Abydos*; for the wife of Byron's *Corsair*, &c. but alas! they seem to have no tears for a real sufferer! Is not this strange? Yes—it is "passing strange."

Communicated.

Cobbett is perhaps the most gigantic genius in the world, in his own estimation; he seems to think that he is a political Atlas, and that the burthen of the whole political world, is laid upon his shoulders! You see a letter addressed by him "To America"! another "To England"! another "To France"! &c. We expect to hear him exclaim presently "Attention, Universe! Kingdoms! to the right and left by platoons, wheel!" I wonder how the world made out to exist before Cobbett was born, and can't see, for my life, what will become of us all when he dies.

DEMOCRAT.

Communicated.

DEMOCRACY UNVEILED.

Cobbett (the Anglo-American Editor) who is now the political Mentor of the United States, makes the following impudent remark in his late Register—"I see, much oftener than I could wish, very exaggerated praises bestowed on the memory of General Washington!" The editor of the *Columbian*, applauds him, by saying, that this impudent remark "is worthy of Cato or Brutus or Franklin!" And pray what is this exaggerated praise, which Cobbett and the *Columbian* see oftener than they wish? Why, forsooth, we call Washington "the father of our country!" Therefore, take notice, republicans and democrats and

Federalists, you are no longer to call Washington the father of his country, because Mr. Cobbett does not wish it! As Cobbett's will seems to be law, he ought to publish fully what he does wish and what he does not wish, in order that we may do nothing hereafter to offend him. I heard an honest democrat (who knew nothing about the real sentiments of his leaders) say, that Cobbett would be execrated by every democrat for the above remark, and that every one who had subscribed for his paper, would withdraw his name, and in no way contribute to its support. Honest soul! he did not know that the demagogues, for whom he had voted annually, were precisely of Cobbett's opinion, and would support him more zealously than ever, in consequence of this slander against the founder of our republic; the father of our country.

The people will behold all this with indifference, and at the next election vote for these very demagogues; and many a democrat is now sweating in his fields, to earn money to pay for Cobbett's slander against Washington, to whom he owes his fields and his freedom!

"Ye Gods! it doth amaze me!"

A Soldier of Washington.

The *Columbian* yesterday, in giving particulars of various celebrations of the late anniversary, says

"**DRUNK AT ALBANY;** Mr. Bloodgood, president, Mr. Butler, vice-president."

We do not know any thing of the matter. It is likely enough, however.

From St. Helena.—Capt. Sargeant, of the brig Pickering, who arrived at Boston, last Tuesday in 140 days from Calcutta, informs, that he stopped at the Island of St. Helena, for water, &c. He was not permitted to land, but was supplied with what he wanted from H. B. M. brig Leveret, capt. Tede, stationed to windward, for that purpose. Capt. Tede informed capt. Sargeant, that Bonaparte's residence at St. Helena is that formerly occupied by the lieutenant-governor of the Island, at a place called Longwood. He was permitted a circumference of 3 miles to walk or ride in at pleasure: beyond this he could not go, except attended by capt. Poppleton, of the 53d reg: but he has never seen fit to exceed his limits, round which are a guard within speaking distance of each other, and round his dwelling are constantly ten centries. On his first arrival at St. Helena he run much in debt to shop-keepers, &c.: trusting him is now forbid, and his wants are supplied by a purveyor, appointed by government.—His household consists of Marshal Bertrand and lady, Gen. Motholon, Gen. Gongo, Las Cases, Capt. Peontowsky and his old valet: Cockburn is admiral: Sir Hudson Lowe is governor. For fear Bony should swim to Ascension, seven days sail distant, the British have a sloop of war's establishment on that Island, rated as his H. B. M. sloop Ascension; ships homeward bound are obliged to take water to this establishment, there being none on the island. Capt. Tede had been to see Bonaparte several times, and represents him, to use his own terms, as "d——d sulky."

From Havanna.—Capt. Vincents, who arrived at Charleston the 4th inst. in 7 days from Havanna, states that an embargo was laid at Havanna for 48 hours before he sailed, in consequence of the port being blockaded by three Carthaginian privateers. One of them was commanded by a Mr. Smith, of Baltimore, and they were manned principally by Americans and Englishmen. The Spaniards complained loudly of their being allowed to fit out in the United States. The brig Emily, from Baltimore, arrived at Havanna, was boarded by one of the above privateers, who took from her 30 barrels of bread, for which they gave in payment, a quantity of Malaga wine. A British frigate from Jamaica, with a general officer on board, arrived at Havanna the day before Captain Vincent sailed. Accounts had reached Havanna of another action on the coast of Africa, between a French brig, commanded by Captain La Forey, and a British vessel of war, in which the latter lost 15 men killed. The French brig was taken and carried into Sierio Leone, but the captain had made his escape. The same gale which was experienced on this coast and the coast of Florida, in the early part of last month, was also severely felt at Havanna; a ship belonging to Providence, (R. I.) but last from New-Orleans, where she had put in in distress, came to an anchor near the Moro, just before the gale commenced; she was compelled to cut her cables and run to sea, although in a very leaky state. Mr. Pinder, a passenger on board her, was left on shore. She was bound to New-York, and has been spoken since the gale. Many vessels dragged their anchors, but none were wrecked in the port of Havanna.—*E. Post.*

A Venetian Engineer has discovered the means of perfecting the compass—(preventing its variation?) His discovery has been submitted to the Italian institute.

The British government have seven armed vessels of different sizes on Lake Erie, and are about to build a frigate at Malden. They for some time past have been engaging carpenters from the States at three dollars per day to work on the frigate.—These facts must be known to the American government, and ought to excite a corresponding vigilance and activity.—*Aurora.*

From the Philadelphia Register.

The following official news, received by the Macedonian, proves completely the falsity of the accounts lately published of General Morillo's defeats.

Official account of the Capture of Santa Fee, the Capital of New Grenada.

[Translated for the REGISTER.]

CARTHAGENA, June 2, 1816.

His excellency the Governor and Captain General of the Kingdom, Don Francisco de Montalvo, has just received the following official dispatch from his Excellency, Don Pablo Morillo, Commander in Chief of the Expeditionary Army:

Most Excellent Sir.—The King's troops, under the orders of Colonel Don Miguel de la Terre and Don Sebastian de la Calzada, entered the Capital of this Vice Kingdom on the 6th of this month; and the insurgents with their pretended government, and the re-

mains of their hands are flying in terror in every direction. Some of the ignorant people who have suffered themselves to be seduced, are now undeceived, desert and return to their homes.

In a very short time the whole of this country will be entirely pacified, which has suffered so much from the excess of a few wretches, headed by foreigners and by some emigrants from Carraccas, who have never had any other object in view, but that of robbery and plunder, which they have practiced every where.

I communicate the foregoing intelligence to your excellency, for your satisfaction and information, and for that of the faithful inhabitants of the tranquil provinces.

God preserve your Excellency many years.

Head Quarters at San Gil, 17th May, 1816.

(Signed) PABLO MORILLO.

To his Excellency

Don Francisco de Montalvo,

From the Philadelphia True American.

When the wars, consequent upon the French revolution, broke out in Europe, our commerce took an immediate start, and its growth for many years was astonishingly rapid. It was the effect of the belligerent state of foreign nations and our neutral situation. No longer able to be their own carriers, the commerce of Europe flowed through American channels. The French by the naval superiority of her enemy were cut off from all safe intercourse with their colonies. The trade was immediately taken up by our merchants; sometimes interrupted, but found generally very profitable. The same is true with regard to the commerce of most of the nations of Europe and their colonies.

But the carrying trade was only one branch of the extensive commerce which grew out of the war. The European nations had been in the habit of furnishing their own colonies with the various articles of provisions—lumber, &c. which they needed. Those supplies were now furnished from this country, giving employment to a large portion of tonnage, and a spring to agriculture. Millions of men, in Europe, who had been employed in the pursuits of agriculture and manufactures, were now drawn from their employment to the field—so that instead of adding to the product of the necessities of life, they only destroyed them. The natural consequence was, that the belligerent nations were obliged to look abroad for supplies, which they had formerly exported.

Nor is it to be omitted, that the emigration to this country, of men of wealth, together with the money put in rapid circulation by the war, furnished us with capital equal to the necessity which existed for its use.

The demand for every article of American produce—the activity and profit of commerce, gave a spring to the whole nation.—The beneficial influence was felt from one extreme to the other. Lands advanced rapidly in value. Thousands became suddenly rich by the rise of property—thousands by commerce—thousands by speculation—and thousands by industry. Observe the rapid increase of exports. Every other branch of business progressed nearly at an equal pace. In the year 1792, the exports from Philadelphia were 3,820,000 dollars.—In four years after, that is in 1796, her exports amounted to 17,513,000 dollars! Such an amazing increase the world

never before witnessed. From this date to the late war, commerce, though interrupted by the aggressions of France and England, has nevertheless flourished with great vigour when unembarrassed by domestic regulation.—Like a hearty child it has grown, although in the hands of a bad nurse.

The consequence of this rapid increase of trade, and wealth, not only in the cities, but throughout the country, was as rapid an increase of luxury. The people ran mad for fineries. Many a man in this city—(I appeal to the experience of those who had an opportunity to know) who had good sense and a capacity for business, by making a capital voyage or two, got his head turned. They thought, to use an old fashioned phrase, that "they had got the world in a string," built fine houses—spread their floors with the richest carpets—set up their carriages—and, as a prudent man observed yesterday, "*Gig'd themselves out.*" Whether the country followed or led in the train of folly is no matter, but the disease prevailed like an epidemic, and in many a plain, happy village—the umbrellas—ear-rings and top-knots cost more than a few years before the whole clothing of the people had done.

Those fortunes which are made suddenly and unexpectedly, seldom bring much happiness with them. Six times in ten, experience will justify the remark, they render their possessor wretched and he plunges from one folly to another until the whole is expended. There are doubtless many exceptions; but it requires a sounder head to bear prosperity well, than adversity. Property that is made by the regular course of trade or industry is always most useful.—Hence it is that many societies discountenance lotteries. But we are running into matter rather fit for a moral essay.

Our intention was to trace the rise of commerce—mention its obvious cause—and suggest some of its consequences.

The wars in Europe are now at an end. The sword is sheathed. The nations rest from the labour of blood—of course each power will pursue its old colonial system—Each will exert itself to extend its own commerce, and to repress that of every rival. France will furnish her own islands with every thing in her power, and import and export for herself. She will send her own vessels on the banks, for fish. Her own ships will pursue the whale where the lilly has not been unfurled for near thirty years. So of all the other nations. *What then must be the natural effect upon us?* This is the important question. The answer we think is obvious. That our commerce must be very considerably circumscribed. If this is the truth the sooner we know it, and realise it, the better. The United States will, beyond doubt, always have her full proportion of the commerce of the world. Such is the intelligence and enterprize of our merchants—the skill of our seamen—the excellence of our ships—that, if there is a harbour on earth which can be usefully visited the "*striped bunting*" will soon be seen flying there.

During the war in Europe, our commerce was of an unnatural growth. It was like plants in a hot bed—forced. It will now be reduced to its natural and healthy state. Still giving life and wealth to our seaports and country; but not that rapid precarious prosperity which the French revolution for a time produced.

What then shall be done by those who have been engaged in commerce, whose capital lies idle in the banks, and whose vessels have no profitable employment? Manufactures open a wide and inviting field for the exercise of enterprise and capital. Remember that England owes her

greatness more to her internal trade and manufactures than to her external commerce. We have been led to look abroad for wealth—we ought to look at home. The sources of wealth, richer than the mines of Peru, are at our doors.

But there is one truth that ought to be well understood—the old ought to press it upon the young—the wise upon the foolish—those who lead upon those who follow, and that is—*that luxury must be repressed, or the nation be ruined. Retrench—retrench—live within your income—throw by your fineries till you are out of debt*, ought to be written upon the door post of every house in Pennsylvania, from N. Jersey to Ohio.

From the United States Gazette.

Mr. BRONSON,—The Locusts appeared in Pennsylvania in 1766, 1783 and 1800, and may be expected in 1817, and not in the present year, as your correspondent, A. B. supposes.

Their first appearance has been about the middle of May, and the years in which they have visited us have been remarked as uncommonly fruitful. Y. Z.

From the National Register, June 15.

LOCUSTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

I have never seen, at any former period of my life, so large a swarm of locusts as is now in the neighborhood of Northumberland court house, N. C. A common cow bell cannot be heard at the distance of two hundred yards when they are chaunting. On examination, I find there is a very perceptible difference in the formation of the male and female. The male only is capable of making a noise. I understand they have not made their appearance in what is commonly called the *pine lands*, nor do they occupy a space of more than four or five miles square.

It is said they generally appear periodically, at intervals of about 14 years. The writer would be gratified to learn from whence they came, and whither they go; or in other words, what is their original form, and what form do they assume? They come out of the earth a small bug, and when dried by the rays of the sun, the shell splits on the back, and out comes a fly; but I am not informed whether the bug is their original form or not.

A SUBSCRIBER.

We received the above communication from a correspondent at Northumberland, C. H. but not being acquainted with the natural history of this famous insect ourselves, we extract the following account of them from Rees's Cyclopædia, which may be found under the word *Gryllus*. As many of our readers may not have an opportunity to examine that work, this extract, we hope, in the present dearth of news, will not be unacceptable.

"The migratory locust is a native of Tartary, from the eastern parts of which it sometimes emigrates over the adjacent countries in such immense legions, as to occasion the most incredible mischief. These hosts of depredators are oftentimes so numerous as to darken the air at noon-day in their flights. Wherever they settle the most fertile regions are, in a few days rendered desolate, and the very putrefaction arising from the number of their dead, becomes the

source of pestilence to man and animals. It is seldom, except in eastern countries, that these calamities are experienced to such a dreadful extent, though they sometimes are, as the visitation of the locust in Europe, about the middle of the eighteenth century, very clearly proves. The ravages committed by locusts in the south of Europe, about the period last mentioned, are described at great length by Roesel, from which the more material part of the curious information on that subject, detailed in the 46th volume of the Transactions of the Royal Society, seems to be selected. This account relates to the myriads of locusts that overran Walachia, Moldave, Transylvania, Hungary and Poland, in 1747 and 1748, and which, being recorded by an eye witness of unquestionable accuracy, explains the history of that destructive creature in a satisfactory manner: the following is the substance of the observations alluded to.

"The first swarms of the locusts entered Transylvania in August, 1747: these were succeeded by others, which were so surprisingly numerous, that when they reached the fortification called the Red Tower, they were full four hours in their passage over that place; and they flew so close, that they made a sort of noise in the air by the beating of their wings against one another. The width of the swarm was some hundred of fathoms, and its height or density so considerable as to hide the sun, and darken the sky to that degree, when they flew low, that people could not know one another at the distance of twenty paces. Arriving at the river that runs through the vallies of the Red Tower, they could neither find resting place nor food, and being at length tired of their flight, one part of them settled on the unripe corn, on the hither side of the Red Tower, such as the millet and Turkish wheat, &c. and the other pitched on a low wood, where, having miserably wasted the produce of the land, they continued their journey, as if a signal had actually been given for a march.

"The guards of the Red Tower attempted to stop their irruption into Transylvania, by firing at them; and, indeed, where the balls and shot swept through the swarm they gave way and divided; but having filled up their ranks in a moment, they proceeded on their journey. In the month of September, some troops of them were thrown to the ground by great rains and other inclemency of the weather, and thoroughly soaked with wet, they crept along in quest of holes in the earth, dung, and straw; where, being sheltered from the rains, they laid a vast number of eggs, which stuck together by a viscid juice, and were longer and smaller than what is commonly called an apt's egg, or very like grains of oats. The females, having laid their eggs, die, like the silk-worm. When they entered the fields of Transylvania, they did not seem to intend remaining there, but were thrown to the ground by the force of the wind, and there laid their eggs, a vast number of which being turned up and crushed by the plough in the beginning of the ensuing spring, yielded a yellowish juice. In the spring 1748, certain little blackish worms were seen lying in the fields, and among the bushes, sticking together and collected in clusters, not unlike the hillocks of moles or ants. As nobody knew what they were, so there was little or no notice taken of them, and in May they were covered by the shooting of the corn sown in winter; but the subsequent June discovered what these worms were; for then, as the corn sown in spring was pretty high, these creatures began to spread over the fields, and became destructive to the vegetables by their numbers. Then, at length the

country people, who had slighted the warning given to them, began to repent of their negligence; for as these insects were now dispersed all over the fields, they could not be extirpated without injuring the corn. At that time they differed very little from our common grasshoppers, having their heads, sides, and back of a dark colour with a yellow belly, and the rest of a reddish hue. About the middle of June, they were generally a finger's length; but their shape and colour continued as before. Towards the end of June, they cast off their outward covering, and then it plainly appeared they had wings, but as yet unripe and unexpanded, the body being also tender and of a yellowish green; then in order to render themselves fit for flying, they gradually unfolded their wings with their hinder feet, and as soon as any of them found themselves able to use their wings, they soared up, and by flying round the others, enticed them to do the same; and thus their numbers increased daily; they took flights in a circular manner, of twenty or thirty yards square, until they were joined by the rest; and after miserably laying waste their native fields, they proceeded elsewhere in large troops. Wherever these bodies of locusts happened to pitch they spared no sort of vegetables; they eat up the young corn, and the very grass; but nothing was more dismal than to behold the lands in which they were hatched; for they so greedily devoured every trace of herbage before they could fly, that they left the ground quite bare.

"The devastations of locusts in various parts of the world, at different periods, are recorded by many writers, some examples of which are very remarkable. Thus in the year 593 of the Christian era, after a great drought, these animals appeared in such vast legions as to cause a famine in many countries. In 677 Syria and Mesopotamia were overrun by them. In 852 immense swarms took their flight from the eastern regions into the west, flying with such a sound that they might have been mistaken for birds; they destroyed all vegetables, not sparing even the bark of trees and the thatch of houses; and devouring the corn so rapidly as to destroy, on computation a hundred and forty acres in a day; their daily marches or distances of flight, were computed at twenty miles; and these were regulated by leaders or kings, who flew first, and settled on the spot which was to be visited at the same hour the next day by the whole legion; the marches were always undertaken at sun rise. These locusts were at length driven by the force of the winds into the Belgick ocean, and being thrown back by the tide and left on the shore; caused a dreadful pestilence by their smell. In 1271, all the corn fields of Milan were destroyed; and in 1339, all those of Lombardy. In 1541, incredible hosts afflicted Poland, Walachia, and all the adjoining territories, darkening the sun with their numbers, and spreading desolation throughout the land."

NAPOLÉON.

From the Belfast Commercial Chronicle, of April 10, 1816.

It is well known that the emperor Napoleon was an effective protector of all the arts and the sciences, but it is not so generally understood, that whenever any important discovery was made, in any branch of art or science, he set negotiations on foot to purchase the secret of the invention, with a view to publish it in the *Moniteur*, not only for the benefit of France but of the world at large. The remedy for the gout, by Dr. Pradier,

was then purchased by Napoleon, at the price of 2,500*l.* sterling, paid from his private purse, and the formula was immediately published in the *Moniteur* as follows, take—

Balm of Mecca	six drachms
Red Bark	one ounce
Saffron	half an ounce
Sarsaparilla	one ounce
Sage	one ounce
Rectified spirits of wine	three pounds

Dissolve, separately, the balm of Mecca in one third of the spirits of wine; macerate the rest of the substances in the remainder, for forty-eight hours—filter and mix the two liquors. For use, the tincture obtained is mixed with twice or thrice the quantity of lime-water; the bottle must be shaken, in order to mix the precipitate, settled to the bottom by standing.

The following is a mode of employing the remedy.

A poultice must be prepared of linseed meal, which must be of a good consistency, and spread very hot, of the thickness of a finger, on a napkin, so as to be able completely to surround the part affected; if it be required for both legs, from the feet to the knees, it will take about three quarts of linseed meal. When the poultice is prepared and as hot as the patient can bear it, about two ounces of the prepared liquor must be poured equally over the whole of each without its being imbibed; the part affected is then to be wrapped up in it, and bound up with flannel and bandages to preserve the heat. The poultice is generally changed every twenty-four hours, sometimes at the end of twelve.

It would be whimsical if the prince regent of England were to be cured of this tormenting and dangerous disease, by a remedy for which he would be evidently indebted to the public spirit and liberality of Napoleon.

From the Philadelphia Gazette.

"Who would not be a christian? Who but now
Would share the Christian's triumph and his hope?
His triumph is begun? 'Tis his to hail,
Amid the chaos of a world convulsed,
A new creation rising! 'Mid the gloom
Of general conflict, vice, and wretchedness,
He marks the morning star—he sees the east
Empurpled with its glories—hears a trump
Louder than all the clarions, and the clang
Of horrid war, swelling still
In lengthened notes, its all awakening call:
The trump of jubilee! Are there not signs,
Thunders, and voices, in the troubled air?
Do you not see, upon the mountain tops,
Beacon to beacon answering? Who can tell,
But all the harsh and dissonant sounds which long
Have been—are still—disquieting the earth,
Are but the turning of the varying parts
For the grand harmony: prelude all
Of that vast chorus, which shall usher in
The hastening triumph of the Prince of peace?
Yes! His shall be the kingdom! He shall come,
Ye scoffers at his tarrying! Hear ye not,
Even now, the thunder of his wheels? Awake
Thou slumbering world! even now, the symphonies
Of the blest song, are floating through the air:
"Peace be on earth, and glory be to God."